SMASH COMICS

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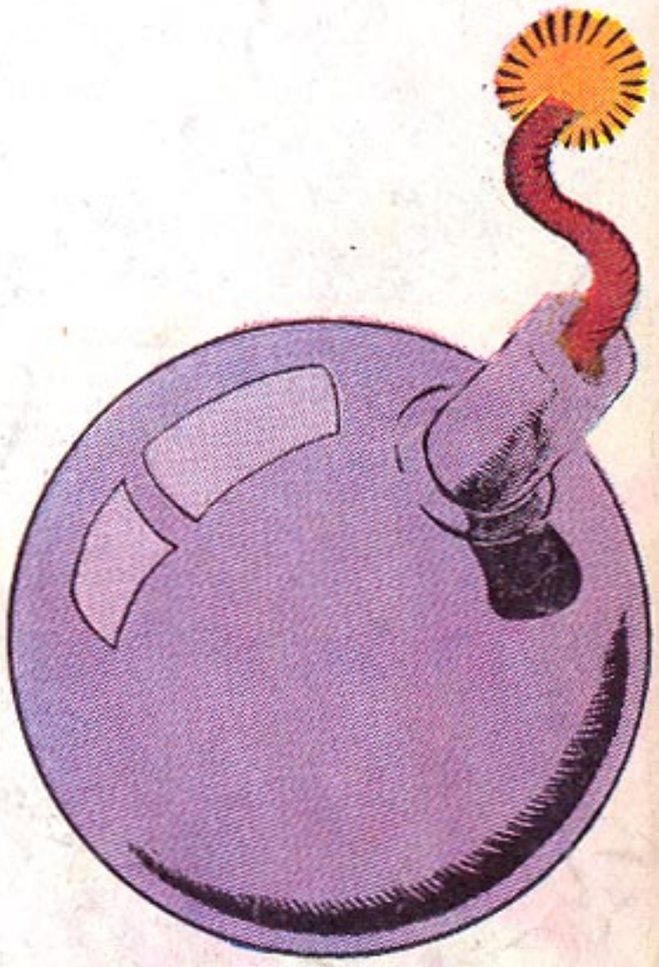
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QUALITY COMIC GROUP

APRIL
No. 64

MIDNIGHT, in search of King Zoris, defies DEATH!







- AL BRYANT -

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

VOLTO FROM MARS

VOLTO AND JIMMY ARE FLYING OVER JUNGLE IN A HELICOPTER.

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO UNEXPLORED COUNTRY NOW...

GOSH! THE JUNGLE'S THICK HERE!

LOOK! THERE ARE WHITE PEOPLE IN THAT BOAT!

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S JOE TALL AND LILY! THOSE SAVAGES WILL TEAR 'EM TO PIECES!

THE PLANE SWOOPS LOW OVER THE RIVER...

HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO ACTION! WATCH! MY LEFT HAND **REPELS!**

HELP! HELP!

VOLTO

QUICK, VOLTO! SHE CAN'T SWIM!

I'LL GET 'EM BOTH! LOOK! MY RIGHT HAND **ATTRACTS!**

VOLTO

OH, VOLTO! WE OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU!

LUCKY WE CAME BY JUST THEN, LILY, OR YOU AND JOE TALL WOULD'A BEEN MINCE MEAT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HERE, VOLTO... I BROUGHT GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ALONG SO YOU COULD RECHARGE YOUR MAGNETISM.

SWELL, JIM! I COULDN'T GET THROUGH A DAY WITHOUT WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL!

CAN LILY AND I HAVE SOME, TOO? WE HAVE NO MAGNETISMS TO RECHARGE, BUT EVERYBODY LIKES SUPER-TASTING **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE A MOUNTAIN OF ENERGY, TOO!

Post's GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES

COPR. 1945, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

TUNE IN HOP HARRIGAN ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

SMASH COMICS, April, 1946, No. 64. Published bi-monthly by E. M. Arnold, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Martin DeMuth, Editor. Yearly subscription (6 copies) $1.00. Foreign $1.50. Entered as second-class matter, June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 415 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1946 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U.S.A.

Midnight

by Paul Gustavson

MY MAJESTY WOULD LIKE A BEAR STEAK FOR DINNER TONIGHT!

Think Gabby doesn't look like much of a king? Well, others were competing for the throne of Vaporia! Gabby made 'em look like MONKEYS!

And Midnight made some of them look worse than that!

A BULLETIN HAS JUST COME IN! THE PEOPLE OF THE KINGDOM OF VAPORIA HAVE VOTED TO RESTORE **KING ZORIS** TO THE THRONE!

HUH ?

ANOTHER LAST MINUTE BULLETIN HAS JUST BEEN HANDED ME! NOBODY KNOWS WHERE TO LOOK FOR KING ZORIS, WHO HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE THE GERMANS INVADED VAPORIA IN 1940!

MY SPECIALTY--- FINDING LOST KINGS!

YOU?... YOU COULDN'T FIND A KING IN A PINOCHLE DECK, SNIFFER!

SILENCE, SIMIAN! I'LL GET A ROYAL REWARD, NO DOUBT! A HUNDRED G'S OR SO! PERHAPS EVEN A DUKEDOM!

HOOEY!

LET'S GO, HOTFOOT! WE'VE NO MORE TIME TO WASTE IN TALK!

EXIT THE SEASON'S WORST WIND!

IT OUGHT TO BE PRETTY HARD TO MISLAY A KING! MAYBE WE COULD FIND HIM FIRST, GABBY!

WHAT FOR, DOC ?

WHY, THE WAR WAS FOUGHT SO PEOPLE'D HAVE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE THEIR OWN GOVERNMENTS ... AND IF THE VAPORIANS WANT THEIR KING THEY OUGHT TO HAVE HIM!

HMM!

I WONDER WHAT *MIDNIGHT'S* PLANNING TO DO ABOUT IT ... IF ANYTHING!

FIND HIM, OF COURSE!

ONLY I'LL DO IT MYSELF! NO ASSISTANCE, PLEASE!

HUH?

THAT SETTLES IT! IF *MIDNIGHT* THINKS HE'S WORTH FINDING, WE'LL LOOK FOR HIM TOO! ANYWAY, IT'S ABOUT TIME I SAW A REAL LIVE KING!

DICTIONARY

Meanwhile...

HEY, YOU! KNOW WHERE THE VAPORIAN CONSUL'S OFFICE IS?

CERTAINLY! A MAN IN *MY* POSITION IS BOUND TO KNOW THINGS LIKE THAT!

WELL, WHERE IS IT?

BUT I DON'T WANNA BE A *KING!*

SHADDUP! WE KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

DON'T MIND HIS MAJESTY --- HE JUST HATES TO GO BACK TO WORK!

HIS *MAJESTY*?? VAPORIAN CONSUL? YOU MEAN *HE'S* THE KING OF VAPORIA?

WELL, WHOD'JA THINK HE WAS? HE DON'T LOOK LIKE THE KING OF SIAM, DOES HE?

YOUR MAJESTY--- I'VE FOUND YOU?

HUH?

I SHALL TAKE YOU TO YOUR CONSUL'S OFFICE, PERSONALLY!

SEE THAT, YOUR MAJESTY? PEOPLE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A KING! I *TOLD* YOU IT'D PAY OFF!

And in another part of town...

THAT WAS YOUR LAST PERFORMANCE, YOU HAM! GET OUT AND STAY OUT!

WRETCH, YOU DARE TALK TO ***ME*... *ME*?...** I'VE PLAYED KING LEAR, KING RICHARD, KING JOHN... AND *YOU*... WHY, YOU ONLY **OWN** THE THEATER!

I'LL NEVER SOIL MY FEET BY STEPPING INTO THE FOUL PLACE AGAIN! 'TIS NO PLACE FOR ROYALTY!

GABBY! THAT GUY! HE LOOKS LIKE A KING!

STAGE DOOR

YOU THE KING OF VAPORIA?

VAPORIA? ..VAPORIA?

WHO KNOWS? THIS MAY BE MY NEXT MEAL TICKET!

WHY NOT? OF *COURSE* I'M THE KING OF VAPORIA!

OH, BOY! WAIT'LL *MIDNIGHT* HEARS ABOUT *THIS!*

In the meantime, *Midnight* acts....

THERE'S A LITTLE COLONY OF VAPORIANS ON THE WEST SIDE OF TOWN HERE! SOMEBODY MAY KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR KING ZORIS!

I'LL INQUIRE AT THAT LAUNDRY!

VAPORIAN LAUNDRY

EVER HEAR ANYTHING ABOUT THE WHEREABOUTS OF KING ZORIS?

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR HIM?

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE—A GUY WHO ANSWERS A QUESTION WITH A QUESTION! YES, I'M LOOKING FOR HIM!

I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF YOU! YOU'RE *MIDNIGHT!* YOU COULD FIND KING ZORIS IF YOU REALLY WANTED TO!

I'M GOING TO, MISTER... BUT APPARENTLY WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

THIS IS FOR THE GOOD OF EVERYONE CONCERNED!

BOP!

FIRST--A PARTING GIFT!

NOW, INTO THE LAUNDRY BAG!

ON MY WAY TO DELIVER THE VAPORIAN CONSUL'S WET WASH, I SHALL DISPOSE OF *MIDNIGHT!*

HE'S LIGHTER THAN I THOUGHT! I MUST BE GETTING USED TO HIS WEIGHT!

NO ONE IS HERE TO SEE THIS, FORTUNATELY! GOODBYE, *MIDNIGHT!*

UGH! THE CONSUL'S WET WASH GROWS HEAVIER AND HEAVIER... BUT HE INSISTS THAT A VAPORIAN CONSUL CANNOT TRUST A LAUNDRYMAN TO DO HIS IRONING!

YOUR MASTER'S LAUNDRY, SERVANT!

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT EVERYONE IS LOOKING FOR KING ZORIS?

NOT EVERYBODY! ONE HAS ALREADY QUIT!

NOW WHERE DID I PUT THOSE SCISSORS? I'VE GOT TO OPEN THE BAG! THE CONSUL WILL BE WANTING TO IRON HIS SHIRTS LATER!

In the front of the house ...

YOUR CONSUL'S RESIDENCE! STEP RIGHT IN, YOUR MAJESTY!

I'LL DO THE TALKIN'! I'M HIS PRIME MINISTER!

TSNIFF! TSNIFF!

CONSUL! CONSUL! I'VE BROUGHT KING ZORIS!

QUIET, HOTFOOT! LEARN TO BEHAVE YOURSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF ROYALTY!

GRRR-R-R!

BANG!

AGHHHHH!

REGICIDE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! SOMEBODY RUBBED HIM OUT! WHERE'S MY ROD?

THEY POWDERED! WE GOTTA FIND 'EM!

BANG!

EEEEEK! A SHOT!

I HEARD IT, TOO!

SUCH LAUNDRY! OH-HH-H!

I WONDER WHERE I AM?

THERE HE IS! GET HIM!

THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY WITH IT, HUH?

FIGURING ON USING THOSE GUNS SOME MORE, EH?

WHAM!

WELL, YOU CAN'T AIM ANY BETTER IF I START PUNCHING!

HOW'S A DEAD KING GOING TO REWARD ME?

SNIFFER!?! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO AROUND HERE? WHO'S THE STIFF?

WE'VE FOUND KING ZORIS! WHERE'S *MIDNIGHT*? WE'VE GOT TO TELL HIM!

DON'T BE ABSURD! KING ZORIS IS DEAD! ... I BROUGHT HIM HERE, BUT SOMEONE KILLED HIM!

DON'T TRY THAT STUFF ON US, PHONY! WE'VE GOT THE KING! ADMIT IT!

YEAH!

THE KING! DID YOU SAY THE *KING*, GABBY?

KING ZORIS OF VAPORIA!

I'VE SEEN HIM AROUND SOMEPLACE!

UH-OH!

GRRR-RR!

YOU CAN COME OUT NOW!

FOOL! YOU PREVENT ME FROM ASSASSINATING ZORIS, THE SCOURGE OF VAPORIA! ... AND AFTER I SANDBAGGED THE CONSUL AND KILLED ONE MAN BY MISTAKE!

SO THAT'S IT!

COUNT ME OUT! I DON'T WANT A JOB WHERE I HAVE TO PLAY TARGET! I'LL FIND A JOB WITH A ROAD COMPANY!

DONALD LARKINFOOT, THE SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR! I RECOGNIZE YOU NOW!

TAKE THE BOMB THROWER'S GUN, DOC, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THIS COLLECTION OF FAKES! I MAY FIGURE OUT ALL THIS YET! SNIFFER, FIND THE CONSUL AND GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL!

EVERYONE WANTS TO BE KING, IT SEEMS... EXCEPT, PERHAPS, KING ZORIS HIMSELF! HOW'D YOU HOODS GET THE IDEA AND GET YOUR PAL BUMPED OFF?

WE HEARD THE RADIO BULLETIN! WE FIGURED NOBODY'S SEEN KING ZORIS FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS! IF WE COULD'A PALMED JAKE OFF AS KING, WE'D HAVE CLEANED UP!

NO KING COULD HAVE CHANGED ENOUGH IN A FEW YEARS TO LOOK AS AWFUL AS YOUR DEAD FRIEND!

AW, YOU AIN'T SO HOT, *MIDNIGHT!* WE'D HAVE HAD YOU IF YOU HADN'T LAID IT ON OUR CHINS WITH THAT HEAVY RING!

HEAVY RING! *WHAT* HEAVY RING? HOLY---!

KEEP AN EYE ON THEM, DOC! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT LAUNDRYMAN?

HE'S INSULTING AND INEFFICIENT! HE BROUGHT *YOU* BACK INSTEAD OF THE CONSUL'S LAUNDRY! I JUST PHONED AND TOLD HIM! HE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE IS HERE!

GREETINGS, *YOUR MAJESTY!*

THEN YOU KNOW! EN GARDE!

SURE, I KNOW! YOU GAVE IT AWAY YOURSELF WHEN YOU PUT YOUR ROYAL RING ON MY FINGER! THOUGHT YOU'D DROWN ME AND THE LAST BIT OF EVIDENCE THAT YOU'RE KING ZORIS, EH?

I'M AFRAID I LEFT MY SWORD HOME! HOW'LL THIS DO?

THIS IS *LESE MAJESTE!* IN MY COUNTRY I COULD HAVE YOU BEHEADED FOR IT!

IN MY COUNTRY, I CAN SOCK YOU IN THE JAW IF YOU DESERVE IT... IF YOU TAKE YOUR GLASSES OFF!

I FOUND THE CONSUL!

YOUR MAJESTY! YOU ARE HERE! YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND!

WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DO THIS TO ME? I WAS HAPPY IN MY LAUNDRY! I NEVER WANTED TO BE KING AND LIVE IN FEAR OF BOMBS AND ASSASSINATION! THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO KILL YOU, *MIDNIGHT*.... BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D DISCOVER WHO I WAS!

SO THAT'S A KING! PHOOEY! I WONDER HOW THE BALL GAME CAME OUT!

.....HERE'S A/ BULLETIN FROM THE NEWSROOM! A RECOUNT IN THE VAPORIA PLEBESCITE HAS SHOWN THAT A MISTAKE WAS MADE THE FIRST TIME! THE PEOPLE HAVE VOTED FOR A REPUBLIC! THEY DON'T WANT KING ZORIS BACK!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?!

NOW I CAN GO BACK TO MY LAUNDRY!

MAYBE AFTER A STRETCH IN THE COOLER FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER! YOU AND YOUR POLITICAL OPPONENT MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET TOGETHER ON THINGS THERE! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME!

Archie O'TOOLE

TROUBLE IS, ALL THE BRIDES I TRY TO PICK ACT LIKE I WAS FRANKENSTEIN APPROACHING WITH A POCKETFUL OF ATOM BOMBS!

KING, THE PEOPLE STILL CLAMOR LOUDLY THAT YOU PICK YOURSELF A QUEEN!

WHILE THE GALS THAT GO FOR ME ALL GOT FACES THAT ONLY A MOTHER GARGOYLE COULD LOVE ON A DARK NIGHT!

SILLY AS YOU ARE, SIRE, MAYBE YOU AIN'T FUNNY LOOKIN' ENOUGH! REMEMBER, DAMES, LIKE DREAMS, GO BY OPPOSITES!

Y'MEAN THE HOMELY ONES LIKE HANDSOME GUYS AND THE PURTY ONES GO FOR GOONS LIKE ME?

NORMALLY, YES!

IN THAT CASE, WITH THIS FALSE NOSE AS AN ADDED ASSET, I OUGHTA WIN MYSELF A VERY BEAUT OF A BRIDE!

WIGS AND MASKS

WOW! AND BEHOLD A BEAUT RIGHT NOW!

ODD AS IT SOUNDS, MISS, WOULD YOU MARRY ME?

WHY, YES, POSSIBLY-- BUT...

NEVER MIND THE BUTS --- JUST SIGN THIS MARRIAGE CONTRACT QUICK, BEAUTIFUL!

CONTR

Archie SIGNED ... KING SIGNED

I MEAN MINE!

OKAY, BUT IF IT REALLY MEANS GETTING MARRIED, WHAT ABOUT THE DISGUISE?

OH, SHUX! WHAT'S A NOSE, MORE OR LESS? I'LL TAKE OFF MY DISGUISE!

OH, I DON'T MEAN YOURS!

SPY SMASH

YOU SEE, MARGE? BASEBALL IS VERY SIMPLE! THREE STRIKES AND HE'S OUT!

BACKWASH

The school auditorium is crowded as the principal of *Backwash High* addresses the student body....

BY S. LAZARUS

I'VE COME AT LAST TO THE HANDING OUT OF AWARDS --- TO TWO STUDENTS WHO HAVE DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES THIS TERM, EACH IN HIS OWN WAY!

AHEM!

GULP!

FIRST THIS LOVING CUP TO THE LAD KNOWN AS **CURLY**-- FOR HIS SPLENDID RECORD IN THE FIELD OF ATHLETICS!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

WHY, PUG! DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO GIVE CURLY A HAND?

SURE, MARGE... THE BACK OF ME HAND!

AND NOW, FOR THE *HEALTHIEST TEETH* IN THIS SCHOOL, THIS SOLID BRASS TOOTH BRUSH GOES TO THE YOUNG MAN KNOWN TO US ALL AS *SPUNKY!*

YAY FOR SPUNKY!

SH-HHH! NOT SO LOUD!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

LATER—

CURLY YOU WERE GRAND!

TUT-TUT! IT WAS NOTHING!

LET ME SEE YOUR LOVING CUP, CURLY!

SOME GALS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY SENSE!

THEY CAN'T ALL BE LIKE MARGE, SPUNKY!

♫ YOU GOTTA BE A FOOTBALL HERO TO GET ALONG WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL! ♪♫

G-GOSH! HERE COMES MARGE NOW!

SO LONG, SPUNKY! SEE YA LATER!

AH, MY TOOTHBRUSH RIVAL! HOW ABOUT BRUSHING UP A BIT ON SPORTS?

HOW ABOUT A PASTE IN THE TEETH, WISE GUY?

MY DEAR BOY, IF YOU MUST CHALLENGE ME, MAKE IT A GAME OF BADMINTON!

OH, YEAH? I PLAY GOOD MINTON!

GOLLY, SPUNKY, WHY NOT TRY A GAME YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT? LIKE FOOTBALL!

TALKING ABOUT FOOTBALL, DID I EVER SHOW YOU KIDS HOW I DO MY OVERHEAD-BACKWARD-FORWARD PASS? I'LL USE THIS ROCK!

CRASH!

?

ULP! ER! -- AH--- AND NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I CARRY THE BALL DOWN THE FIELD FOR A TOUCHDOWN!

GOLLY, LOOK AT CURLY RUN! ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?

AW, WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL? I CAN CHUCK A ROCK, TOO!

IF YOUSE IS AIMIN' TO T'ROW DAT ROCK T'ROUGH MY UDDER WINDER, I'M NOT GONNA LIKE DAT EITHER!

HUH? I M-MEAN--- HUH?

YA SEE? NOW YA WENT AND MADE ME MAD!

BOOONG!

BESIDES, I'M GONNA TELL YA MUDDER ON YOUSE!

P-SSST!

?

BUT, CURLY, I DON'T UNDER-STAND!

I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING-- WHILE WE GO SKATING IN THE PARK!

Later...

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU CAN DO TO SHOW UP THAT BIG SHOW-OFF! ... BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME!

HOW ABOUT POLO?

?

NO! NO! NOT POLO!

WHY NOT POLO?

BECAUSE CURLY'S GOT THE *REACH* ON YOU!

GULP! I GUESS SO!

SPORT GOODS
SALE ON SKI SUITS
HMM! HOW ABOUT SKIING?
SKIING! THAT'S A GREAT IDEA!
NOPE! THAT'S OUT, TOO! CURLY'S GOT BETTER LEGS!
GOSH! WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?
P
WAIT! I'VE GOT IT! IT'S PERFECT!
I'LL SETTLE FOR AN IDEA THAT'S JUST *PRETTY* GOOD!
GOOD? LISSEN TO THIS .... FIRST YOU --- BZZZ-ZZ-ZZZ --- MUMBLE --- MUMBLE --- AND THEN YOU --- BZ-ZZZZZ-Z --- CURLY --- MARGE --- MUMBLE --- BZZZ-ZZ-Z --- CALLED ***AMERICAN GOLF!*** SEE WHAT I MEAN? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ***THAT?***
PUG, I THINK YOU'RE A ***GENIUS!***
--AND YOU'RE A ***REAL*** PAL, TOO! I'M GONNA PULL THAT ONE ON CURLY! -- ***RIGHT NOW!***
P
AH! HERE HE COMES WITH MARGE! AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH HIM, HE'LL WISH HE HAD WON A BRASS TOOTH BRUSH!
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR OLD FRIEND SPUNKY! STILL EXERCISING THE OLD ***IVORIES?***

SAVE THE CRACKS, WISE GUY! HOW ABOUT A GAME OF *AMERICAN GOLF?* HUH? I *DARE* YA!

YOU *WOULD* THINK OF A SISSY GAME, *TOOTHSOME!*

A SISSY GAME!... WHY, *AMERICAN GOLF* TAKES MORE GRIT THAN YOU NEED ON THE GRIDIRON-- MORE SOCK THAN IN SOCCER! IT ISN'T LIKE *ORDINARY GOLF!*

DENTIST OFFICE

HOW ABOUT A FAST GAME OF MARBLES? OR POTSY?

I THINK YOU SHOULD PLAY SPUNKY'S GAME!

OH--ER--IT SO HAPPENS THAT AMERICAN GOLF CAN ONLY BE PLAYED IN A DENTIST'S OFFICE!

HUH? MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO GO PLAY HANDBALL AGAINST A PADDED WALL!

I THINK IT'S POSITIVELY *THRILLING!*

DENTIST BELL

RRR-RRR-RING-GG!

DID YOU RING?

YESSIR! WE RANG!

I DON'T LIKE THIS! LET'S GO SKATING!

DON'T YOU DARE!

IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE! FIRST *I* SIT DOWN AND SAY-- "LOOK 'EM OVER, DOC!" AND THEN *YOU* SIT DOWN AND YOU SAY THE SAME!

THIS WAY, BOYS!

LOOK 'EM OVER, DOC!

SIT BACK!

HMMM! *PERFECT!* HMMM! SPLENDID!... NEVER SAW A BETTER SET — EVEN ON A HORSE! NOTHING WRONG WITH *THOSE* TEETH!

OKAY! YOU'RE NEXT! AFTER THAT THE FUN HAPPENS TO BEGIN!

IT *BETTER* OR SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN TO *YOU!*

?

ALL RIGHT, *BRIGHT EYES*, LOOK 'EM OVER!

MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT-- ER--I MEAN, *OPEN WIDE*, PLEASE!

HMMM!... AHA! WHAT HAVE WE HERE? ROOT CANALS IN THE BICUSPIDORS, ENAMELWARE SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN! TSK! TSK! GOTTA COME OUT!

HUH? HIH-HNIK HWAG?

YEOW! EEEEEE!

COME, SPUNKY! HOW COULD A FOOTBALL HERO BE SUCH A *COWARD?*

A *DENTAL* COWARD, MARGE!

BUT, SPUNKY, WHY DID YOU CALL THAT GAME OF YOURS *AMERICAN GOLF?*

OH, THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT TO *YANK* IT, IF YOU GET A *HOLE-IN-ONE!*

BLACK X

ROUND and round... who can predict the WHEEL OF FORTUNE?

Perhaps the sinister souls who try to spin it WRONGLY...

Perhaps Black X... who RIGHTS THE WRONG!

Fleeing from strife and danger, the rich of a war-weary world gather at the lurid gambling capitol of MURGASTAN....

PLACE YOUR WAGERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AGAIN THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE SPINS!

As exotic as Murgastan itself are the glittering visitors....

YES, I HAVE NOTICED HIM! BUT I KNOW NOTHING OF HIM EXCEPT THAT HE'S CALLED BLACK X!

WHAT A PECULIAR NAME! AND WHAT A FASCINATING MAN!

IF I MAY INQUIRE, MASTER --- WHY DO WE DALLY HERE AMONG GAMBLERS?

I WANT TO INVESTIGATE, BATU! THERE'S A RUMOR THAT THE GAMBLING SERVES TO CLOAK *SOMETHING ELSE!*

Other observers are not admirers....

BLACK X HERE? WHY, MAJOR? DOES HE SEEK *US*?

MURGASTAN IS *NEUTRAL!* HE CANNOT BRING HIS LAW UPON US! LET US MEET HIM *HALF WAY!*

AH, MAJOR! SO YOU ESCAPED THE DESTRUCTION I BROUGHT ON YOUR WHOLE SNEAKING, SPYING ORGANIZATION! AND YOUR COLLEAGUE, UMRA, SURVIVES, TOO!

HERE IN MURGASTAN THE CONTEST IS FAIR, *BLACK X!* SUPPOSE WE DECIDE IT *FINALLY!*

ARE YOU REFERRING TO THE CUSTOM OF DUELLING THAT IS LEGALIZED HERE?

I AM --- AND *HERE* IS A CHALLENGE!

SLAP!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR BLOWS, UMRA, I AM READY TO---

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A *BRAWL!*

IF YOU SEEK SATISFACTION FOR AN INSULT, THERE IS *OUR OFFICIAL* DUELLING PARK!

LET *BLACK X* NAME HIS SECOND--AND FIGHT LIKE A *GENTLEMAN*, NOT A CRIMINAL!

I SECOND *BLACK X!* WE WILL MEET YOUR MAJOR, UMRA--ANY TIME, WITH ANY WEAPONS!

SETTLE THE DETAILS, BATU! I'LL BE IN THE CASINO!

IS THERE ROOM FOR ONE MORE AT ROULETTE?

OF COURSE, SIR! MAKE YOUR WAGER---PLAY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

ALL THIS ON NUMBER 14!

THE WHEEL TURNS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WATCH CLOSELY!--

THE WHEEL STOPS!

AND NUMBER 14 WINS!

ALL THE MONEY DESIGNATED FOR TODAY'S BANK HERE! THE TABLE CLOSES --- PLEASE PLAY ELSEWHERE!

ACCORDING TO CUSTOM, A TABLE CLOSES FOR THE DAY WHEN ITS BANK IS WON! SEE, THE OTHERS HAVE GONE!---

SO WE CAN TALK PRIVATELY!

SIR, I PROTEST---

I THOUGHT I HEARD MACHINERY CLICKING! BY PUSHING THESE BUTTONS, YOU CAN MAKE ANY NUMBER WIN!

WHY SHOULD YOU OBJECT? YOU WON!

YOU RECOGNIZE ME -- PROBABLY FEAR ME FOR SOME REASON --- HOPE THAT, IF I WIN ENOUGH, I'LL LEAVE WITH MY WINNINGS! ...TAKE ME TO THE MANAGER!

BUT THE MANAGER IS NOT HERE! SEE --- EMPTY OFFICE!

ODD, AT THIS HOUR, WHEN BUSINESS IS BRISKEST! WELL, I'LL COME BACK LATER!

MANAGER

I AGREED TO PISTOLS FOR THE DUEL, MASTER! IN DUELLING PARK AT DAWN!

THEN WE HAVE MUCH TO DO DURING THE REMAINDER OF THE NIGHT! COME!

YOU WILL ACCUSE THE MANAGER? BUT GAMBLING IS MURGASTAN'S GREAT BUSINESS! THE MANAGER IS PRACTICALLY RULER HERE!

I'VE DEFIED RULERS BEFORE!

THE MANAGER HAS AN APPOINTMENT ELSEWHERE! HIS DOOR IS LOCKED! ANOTHER TIME, SIR!

TOMORROW, PERHAPS---

MANAGER

IF THE MANAGER IS ABSENT AT THE BUSIEST HOUR, WILL HE BE THERE TOMORROW?

I'VE ALREADY ASKED THE SAME QUESTION! THE DOOR IS LOCKED, BUT PERHAPS THE WINDOW ISN'T!

IF WE ARE FOUND, IT WILL BE CALLED ILLEGAL ENTRY, MASTER!

I DOUBT IF THE CROWD THAT RUNS MURGASTAN CASINO WORRIES MUCH ABOUT LAW!

NOBODY HERE--AND NOTHING INCRIMINATING IN THE DESK, MASTER!

ALWAYS TEST THIS KIND OF A DESK FOR HIDDEN COMPARTMENTS, BATU--LIKE THIS!

THESE PAPERS YOU FOUND SHOW PLANS-- *AMAZING* PLANS!

TAKE CHARGE OF THEM! I'M LOOKING FOR MORE HIDDEN COMPARTMENTS!

ANOTHER SECRET PANEL, MASTER?

YES! AND I THINK IT OPENS BY PRESSING THIS SPRING! MURGASTAN IS FULL OF TRICK GADGETS!

KAP! TAP!

THIS PASSAGE LEADS *OUTSIDE!* CONVENIENT WHEN THE MANAGER WISHES TO AVOID UNPLEASANT VISITS --LIKE *OURS!*

IT'S ALSO CONVENIENT TO HOLD SECRET RECORDS, AS IN THESE FILES!

THIS SEEMS TO BE A LIST OF INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS AND KILLERS, ALL INVITED HERE TO MURGASTAN ---

THERE THEY ARE! WE HEARD THEM MEDDLING IN HERE!

RUN, MASTER! I'LL PROTECT-- *OHHH!*

ONE EASILY CAUGHT! NOW THE OTHER!

IS IT THIS BUNCH OF PAPERS YOU WANT?

YOU SHOULD HAVE SPECIFIED WHICH OF US YOUR PAL WAS TO KILL!

KILL HIM--- SO NOBODY WILL HEAR--

BANG!

THOSE PAPERS, MASTER--FROM THE FILE--

NO TIME TO GATHER THEM UP NOW, BATU! THAT PISTOL-PACKER MAY SHOOT WHERE HE'S SUPPOSED TO NEXT TIME ...

--AND THE MAJOR HAS A SORT OF PRIORITY TO SHOOT ME AT DAWN!

I SAVED THE PAPER THAT WAS HIDDEN IN THE DESK!

IT'S A MASTER PLAN TO GATHER THE BEST CRIMINAL MINDS HERE --PROTECT THEM WITH MURGASTAN'S GOVERN-MENT --PLAN ROBBERIES AND SWINDLES TO PLUNDER THE WORLD!

AND BEHIND IT, AS OWNERS OF THE CASINO ARE---

UMRA AND HIS MAJOR FRIEND!

WON'T THEY PURSUE US WHEN THEY KNOW WE HAVE IT?

NOT RIGHT AWAY! THE SURVIVING GUARD WILL NEED SOME TIME TO EXPLAIN WHY HE SHOT HIS COMRADE!

LET'S LEAVE --- SHOW THIS PAPER TO THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE!

THAT WOULD NEED A COMPLICATED SETTLEMENT! IT'LL BE SIMPLER TO HAVE THE DUEL!

HAVE A CARE, MASTER! THOSE DEVILS WON'T FIGHT FAIRLY!

I'VE WON AGAINST UNFAIR ENEMIES FOR YEARS! STOP WORRYING!

ALMOST DAWN!

At the place for the duel...

I AM A HIGH OFFICIAL OF MURGASTAN! I WILL SUPERVISE THIS MEETING!

MURGASTAN OFFICIALS ARE ALL IN THE PAY OF THE CASINO, MASTER!

DISTANCE IS TWENTY PACES! THESE ARE THE PISTOLS! TAKE FIRST CHOICE, BLACK X!

HE DID NOT FLEE, MAJOR! WE WILL BE RID OF HIM IN A FEW MOMENTS!

I WILL GIVE THE ORDER READY! AIM! AT THE WORD FIRE, YOU MAY PULL THE TRIGGERS!

HMMM! IS THIS A PISTOL OR A DOLLAR WATCH?

TICK! TICK!

READY!---

AIM!---

TICK! TICK!

FIRE!

NO! NO!

YOUR INFERNAL MACHINES TICK TOO LOUDLY! IT WAS A BOMB, AS I GUESSED!

BOOM!

YES, THIS PISTOL IS ALSO A BOMB! WHICHEVER I CHOSE — IF I PULLED THE TRIGGER, I WOULD BE BLOWN UP!

LET ME GO, YOU BARBARIAN! I'LL SLIT HIM INTO SLICES!

BUT I PROTEST! I KNEW NOTHING OF THIS TRICK — I TRUSTED THESE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN!

AND TOOK THE GUNS THEY GAVE YOU? JUST AS THE GOVERNMENT OF MURGASTAN OBEYED THEIR SLIGHTEST WISH!

THIS MAJOR INTENDED TO MURDER ME — AND DIED INSTEAD! AS FOR UMRA —

NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT UMRA, MASTER!

HE SEEMS TO HAVE STABBED HIMSELF WITH HIS *OWN DAGGER!*

TELL YOUR ASSOCIATES THAT WORSE WILL HAPPEN HERE IF MORE CRIMINALS ARE ALLOWED SHELTER IN MURGASTAN!

THEY TRIED TO BUY US — FOOL US — KILL US! IT WAS NO USE, BATU!

IT IS NEVER OF ANY USE, MASTER! SEE, WE ARE ALMOST OUT OF MURGASTAN!

INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY

LADY LUCK

By Klaus Nordling

THE WORLD'S SO EXCITING TO ME AND TO YOU OR PERHAPS WE ASSUME IT EXCITING. BUT CONSIDER THE TURTLE... FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW IT IS PROBABLY DULL, UNINVITING....

MR. FACET LOVES TURTLES, HE KEEPS THEM FOR PETS. HE'S A BROKER IN DIAMONDS. HE FUMES AND HE FRETS, FOR HIS WARES SELL SO POORLY NOW; PEOPLE DON'T SPEND. SO HE PUTS THEM ON AUCTION. WOULD YOU CARE TO ATTEND?

MISS GLINT IS A MODEL, OF MANNER SO GRAND. A GEM FROM THE ORIENT, WORTH ONE HUNDRED GRAND, SHE WAS PICKED TO DISPLAY: ON HER IT LOOKS NICE. BUT SHE DOESN'T LOVE TURTLES. NO. SHE JUST LOVES "ICE".

AFTER THE SHOW, *MR. FACET* IS STUNNED; HIS CLIENT WITH FURY IS SWOLLEN... THE GEM HE'D COMMISSIONED THE BROKER TO SELL, *THE MOON OF THE ORIENT*, IS STOLEN!

I WANT MY DIAMOND!

SHE HAD IT LAST! SEARCH *HER!*

BUT.. IT'S ONLY AN *IMITATION* OF THE REAL ONE... IT'S *PASTE!* AND *MR. FACET* SAID I COULD KEEP IT!

A LIKELY STORY!

IT *IS* PASTE!

THUS.. AGAIN IN THE WELTER OF HUMAN EVENTS, WHILE MEN'S TEMPERS UPWARDS GO SOARING, THE TURTLE JUST CONTEMPLATES WITH MYOPIC EYE THESE HUMAN SHENANIGANS. BORING!

THE *FACET, INC.*, FINANCES ARE IN A BAD WAY, *PEECOLO*... IF THAT GEM ISN'T RE-COVERED, HE'S SUNK!

THE CLUES EES ALL MEEX OP!

YOU STAND AT THE DOOR AND WATCH EVERYONE WHO LEAVES!

HOKAY, *LADY LUCK!*

WHERE'S THE *REAL* ONE? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IT?

WHAT ARE *YOU* WORRIED ABOUT? YOU HAD IT INSURED!

I HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE, *FACET!*

MAC, GO AN' SEE THAT NONE O' THE OTHER MODELS LEAVES!

BEAT IT, BUM! NO LOITERING ALLOWED!

YOU'SA TOFF GUY, HAH?

YOU AN' ME, WE'SA GOT SOME BEES-NESS WEETHEEN!

?

OKAY, HAND IT OVER, BUD!

HAH?

C'MON, C'MON... QUIT STALLIN'!

THE COPS MIGHT SPOT US!

BETTER WE DON' BE EEN SO HORRY ABOUT THEES!

I'MA SUPPOSE FOR TO HAVE PACKAGE FOR THEES GUYS!

LOOK IN YOUR POCKETS!

POR CIELO!

I WAS LOCK OP THE DOORMAN EEN CLOSET!

BRING THOSE TWO UP TO THE DETECTIVES! I'LL LOOK IN ON THE DOORMAN..

GIVE ME THAT ROCK!

OOCH! YOU'RE STANDIN' ON MY FOOT!

OWOOO!

TAKE THAT TURTLE OFFA ME! OWW!! IT'S MURDERIN' ME!!

THERE! AND DON'T TRY RUNNING OFF!

SOMETHING'S RATTLING INSIDE THIS SHELL!

A BOBBY-PIN'S THE HANDIEST GADGET!

GOLLY!

THINK I'LL SWITCH THESE TWO BAUBLES AND SEE WHAT DEVELOPS...

HOLY COW! I CAN'T GET ANYBODY TO TALK, *LADY LUCK!* NOBODY KNOWS NOTHIN'!

I THINK THEY'LL START INCRIMINATING EACH OTHER AS SOON AS WE GET *MR. FACET* TO OPEN UP HIS PET TURTLE...

HEH - HEH!

THIS IS *PASTE*, TOO!

AH?.. SEE? I'M *INNOCENT!* WHEW! IT'S THOSE GORILLAS WHO HAVE THE *MOON OF THE ORIENT!* ARREST THEM!!

YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, *FACET*... THOUGHT YOU HAD YOURSELF COVERED UP PRETTY WELL BY DISTRIBUTING *PHONIES* TO YOUR COLLEAGUES! I SWITCHED THE GENUINE *MOON* FOR THE *PASTE* YOU PASSED ON TO THE DOOR-MAN!

HO-HUM

THE FAT LUG TRIED TO GYP US!

I STAND ON MY CIVIL RIGHTS!

OF ALL THE NERVE!

AN' WHAT ABOUT MY TWO WEEKS BACK PAY?

DON'T ALL SHOUT AT ONCE! YOU'LL ALL HAVE TIME TO AIR YOUR GRIEVANCES IN COURT!

Z-Z-Z-

Rookie RANKIN

Fight night ..... the crowd roared "murder the bum"... and Rookie Rankin knew that for once the fans' mocking advice had a literal significance!

Real, terrible murder was coming.... and Rookie couldn't tell from which direction!

MY FIGHTER'S GOT TO HAVE POLICE PROTECTION, CHIEF! READ THAT THREAT!

POLICE STATION

Kayo Marvin - Take a dive tonight or make arrangements for your funeral!

DO YOU SUSPECT ANYBODY?

THIS TOWN'S FULL OF HOODS AND GAMBLERS WHO MIGHT'VE SENT IT! YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE!

IT MAY BE HOT AIR.... BUT WE WON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! I'LL HAVE A MAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR BOY TONIGHT!

THANKS, CHIEF! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!

POLICE STATION

I'VE GOT A SOFT SPOT FOR YOU TONIGHT, ROOKIE! YOU CAN WATCH THE FIGHTS AND STILL BE WORKING!

THAT SOUNDS ALL RIGHT TO ME, CHIEF! WHAT'S THE CATCH?

REWARD $1,000

THIS NOTE! SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO MARVIN!

YES, SIR!

QUITE A CROWD!

I'LL GIVE FOUR TO ONE ON SOCKER DOLE!

FIGHT TONIGHT KAYO MARVIN VS SOCKER DOLE

I'LL LAY SIX HUNDRED TO YOUR HUNDRED SOCKER DOLE WINS BY A KNOCKOUT!

THAT'S ODD!

TO DRESSING ROOMS

I'M GUARDING KAYO MARVIN! RANKIN'S MY NAME!

GUARD? WHO NEEDS A GUARD?

ARE YOU NUTS? WANT TO UPSET MY FIGHTER JUST BEFORE THE BOUT?

BUT DOESN'T HE KNOW HIS LIFE WAS THREATENED?

OF COURSE NOT! I INTERCEPTED THAT NOTE! FINE SHAPE HE'D BE IN IF HE HAD TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING KNOCKED OFF! WATCH HIM BUT DON'T LET HIM KNOW IT! I'LL TELL HIM YOU CAME IN BY MISTAKE!

THE CHIEF COULD'VE SENT SOMEBODY WHO LOOKED A LITTLE MORE EXPERIENCED.... BUT I GUESS YOU'LL DO!

THANKS! I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR CONFIDENCE IN ME!

DRESSING ROOM

UH-OH! SPADES QUINN AND RODDY DIRK... THE TOWN'S DIRTIEST GAMBLER AND HOTTEST TORPEDO!

GOING TO HAVE A QUIET EVENING AT THE FIGHTS, BOYS?

HUH?

LAY OFF, RANKIN! SURE, YOU'VE TANGLED WITH US BEFORE... BUT WE GOT RIGHTS AS CITIZENS AND YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON US!

YOU'RE RIGHT, QUINN!

TIME FOR MARVIN TO COME OUT! I'D BETTER NOT LOSE SIGHT OF HIM!

IT WOULD BE EASIER IF I COULD STAY CLOSER!

DRESSING ROOM

KAYO

SPADES QUINN AND HIS TORPEDO! BE CAREFUL!

I'VE SEEN THEM!

KAYO

'RAY KAYO!

KAYO

THERE GO THE LIGHTS! THAT'D MAKE IT TOUGH IF ANYTHING HAPPENED DURING THE FIGHT!

BONG!

HERE THEY GO!

MURDER HIM, SOCKER!

MARVIN DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!

The fight continues into Round Nine....

IT'S GETTING MONOTONOUS WATCHING MARVIN TAKE ALL THAT PUNISHMENT!

ROUND TEN COMING UP! MARVIN CAN'T LAST THIS ONE OUT.... BUT IN CASE HE DOES, I'D BETTER LOOK SHARP! WHOEVER SENT THE THREAT MAY NOT BE SATISFIED WITH A DECISION!

THERE GO THE LIGHTS AGAIN!

A SHOT!

BANG!

DOLE! THEY HIT THE WRONG MAN!

TURN ON THE LIGHTS!

HE'S DEAD! GOT HIM THROUGH THE HEART!

THEY MEANT IT FOR MY BOY AND MISSED!

EVERYBODY STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

CHIEF!

I HAD A FUNNY FEELING SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN, AFTER ALL, AND THOUGHT I'D DROP IN! DID YOU SEE ANYTHING, ROOKIE?

QUINN AND DIRK! THEY MAY HAVE DONE IT! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!

LEND A HAND, RANKIN! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, CHIEF!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THEY HAVEN'T ANY GUNS!

I RELIEVED THEM OF THEIR GUNS BEFORE THE FIGHT TO MAKE SURE THEY'D BEHAVE!

MY ROD! I LET A COPPER LIFT MY ROD! OH-H!

I'LL TAKE THAT!

WHY... I WAS JUST GOING TO---

GOING TO TRY TO SOOTHE THAT BURN ON YOUR HAND, I SUPPOSE, EH?

BURN? ARE YOU CRAZY?

THERE IT IS! A POWDER BURN! YOU SEE I WAS JUST GOING TO PICK UP THAT TOWEL MYSELF! HERE'S THE KILLER, CHIEF!

KAYO.... DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS DUMB COP IS SAYING? HE'S SAYING I TRIED TO KILL YOU AND ONLY KILLED THE OTHER GUY BY MISTAKE!

YOU CAN'T TALK ABOUT MY MANAGER LIKE THAT! HE'S MY BEST FRIEND!

LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO DO WHAT SOCKER DOLE COULDN'T!

A PUG OF HIS CALIBER WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND ANYWAY!

BUT YOU CAN'T ACCUSE HIM WITHOUT PROOF!

AND I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF THAT!

HOW DO YOU FIGURE IT, ROOKIE?

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I SMELLED BURNT CLOTH RIGHT AFTER THE SHOOTING! THEN WHEN I LOOKED FOR THE TOWEL, THIS SMART MONKEY WAS PICKING IT UP!

HE FIRED THE GUN THROUGH THE TOWEL! THAT'S HOW HE GOT THE POWDER BURN! BETTER FRISK HIM, CHIEF!

YOU'RE CRAZY! IF HE WAS OUT TO KILL HIS OWN FIGHTER, HE COULDN'T HAVE MISSED AT THAT DISTANCE!

HE WASN'T OUT TO KILL HIS OWN FIGHTER! HE WAS OUT TO KILL SOCKER DOLE FROM THE START! THAT'S WHY HE TRIED TO STEER US INTO BELIEVING SOMEBODY WOULD TRY TO GET MARVIN!

SO WE'D THINK GAMBLERS HAD DONE THE KILLING BY MISTAKE!

BUT WHY DID HE WANT TO GET DOLE?

REVENGE! I LOOKED UP SOME NEWSPAPER FILES BEFORE I CAME DOWN SO I'D KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON IF ANYTHING HAPPENED! HE USED TO OWN DOLE'S CONTRACT! DOLE DITCHED HIM WHEN HE STARTED TO CLEAN UP!

TRYING TO SLIP AWAY, HUH? WELL, I HAPPEN TO KNOW YOU'VE GOT THE GUN IN YOUR POCKET!

HE ALMOST PUT US ON THE WRONG SCENT.... BUT WHAT LOOKED VERY FUNNY TO ME WAS THAT ANY GAMBLERS SHOULD WANT THE FIGHTER ON THE SHORT END OF THE BETTING ODDS TO THROW A FIGHT! IT'S USUALLY THE REVERSE!

HE WROTE THAT NOTE HIMSELF! THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T WANT MARVIN TO KNOW ABOUT IT! IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED PHONY TO A PUG WHO KNEW HE COULDN'T LAST THROUGH THE FIGHT ANYWAY!

BLAST YOU, RANKIN! AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST A DUMB ROOKIE!

The VOLCANO MEN

THE terrible wind swept over the ice cap with a roar like an avalanche. The few small, stunted trees were denuded of leaves, ripped off by the clutching hands of the abyssal gale.

The island of Ptarmo was only a couple of hundred miles from the South Pole. It rose like a gigantic cone out of the sea, constantly lashed by mountainous waves, and torn by the ever-raging winds. Ptarmo, on the map, is a minute speck, but actually it constitutes a considerable mass of land—rather, a jumble of volcanic lava.

Other than a few birds, Ptarmo has few living things. Sea otters are sometimes seen on the narrow strip of beach on the sheltered east side. The terrain is rugged. The center of the island is a towering peak, rising about 15,000 feet above the sea. This peak was the focal point of Jimmy Christian's search party. There, on the lonely isolated crest of Ptarmo Peak, was supposed to live a strange, solitary race—or at least a remnant of a race of pygmy people, some offshoot of an Asiatic tribe that got cut off in some prehistoric cataclysm.

"I'm going to find that race," Jimmy had told the college faculty which was sponsoring this cruise. "I'm going to either prove or disprove this muddle."

It was something of an anthropological muddle. Some scientists held that the race was a myth; others swore that the people actually existed. Byrd brought stray accounts of having witnessed strangely colored fires on the top of the mountain when his ship was far at sea. A few sea captains also corroborated Byrd's story. But it is often difficult to sell such a yarn to doughty scientists.

Jimmy's was the first party that had actually tried to find the pygmy people. He wanted it to be a success.

His ship drew in close to shore, in deep water, and the anchor was cast. They would wait until the following day to move their party and equipment to the island. The wind on this sheltered east side was not bad.

Stanley Walton, Jimmy's first officer, and a great friend, lifted his glasses toward the mist-shrouded peak and studied what he saw. He lowered the glasses and shook his head.

"Boy, she looks like the very devil," he said. "I would sure hate to be caught up there without—"

"Don't worry, you won't be, Stan," Jimmy tossed in. "Remember, they are pygmies—if they exist at all."

Stan nodded. "Yeah. If they exist at all. I, for one, doubt it. Don't see how anyone could live in such a climate."

Jimmy had been thinking that very thing himself. It must be many degrees below zero on that peak most of the year. But then perhaps the mysterious race had dug in and lived underground. But what the heck did they live on?

Early the next morning they moved the equipment to the beach and split it into goodly-sized packs, just light enough for each of the eight men to carry. It would be a tough climb to the top, and there was no road.

It was nearly noon when everything was ready for the ascent to begin. Jimmy led the way. The first mile was not so bad, but from there on the gradual slope began to tilt at an alarming angle. Another mile and they were practically hugging the lava mountain.

Once as they struggled upward, a great roaring began above their heads—far above. An avalanche had started. Jimmy called a halt while the tons of rocks and lava crashed into space, leaping far out over them. The thing lasted for fully ten minutes, then it was over. Jimmy sighed a breath of relief when silence again fell over the great mountain. Had they been in the path of landrush, they'd have been swept off and into the sea.

It took them three days to reach the summit of the peak, and the air was bitterly cold and the wind roared constantly. The top was a solid cap of ice, but there was a quarter-mile-wide hole down through its middle. Where did it lead?

They were startled to find steps cut into the raw ice on the inner region of the hole. Steps cut by man!

"Well," said Jimmy exultantly, "I guess the pygmies live, after all! Let's go down and see what we can see."

They lowered their packs among some ice croppings and three of them, including Walton and Jimmy, began descending the strange stairway. It led down—down—and the daylight began to wane as the bottom was neared.

At the bottom of the ice steps they found a small figure lying on its face. They turned the creature over and Jimmy gasped. It was one of the pygmies! He was dead. Frozen solid. He resembled an Eskimo, but was smaller and had finer features. He was dressed in a thick cloak made of some birds' feathers.

"Is he really one of the Pygmies?" one of the men wanted to know.

Jimmy said that he must be. Who else?

"You'd think he'd carry some kind of weapon," the man went on. "Nothing, not even a knife. Funny."

Jimmy agreed that it was rather

strange that the poor chap had no knife. How did they kill their birds?

"They must eat the birds as well as make their clothes out of them," he said. "Well, iet's look further."

It was a strange and weird place. The bottom of the stairway ended on solid lava. It felt warm to the touch. In fact, in the very center of the well there was a hole about fifteen feet across from which issued a steady spout of steam.

"Volcano," said Jimmy. "Look around. The cone is a solid mass of ice. The steam hits the walls and freezes into ice."

"But where are the other pygmies?" asked Stanley Walton. "Is this the only guy?"

They searched the area, which was about two hundred yards across. All about was gleaming ice, and more ice constantly forming as the volcanic steam froze.

Up again on the top they considered the situation. There was only one specimen of the strange race, and he was dead. They pitched a sort of camp, and built a fire of the wood they had brought along. It felt good in the intense cold. The day was far spent, so they prepared to sleep on the top that night. Some of the men were for going to the bottom of the volcano, but Jimmy pointed out the danger. It was a volcano; nobody could tell about them.

About midnight they were awakened by a terrific noise. A great rumbling shook the mountain, coming from far below. The sound rose upward, the peak shaking as if in a giant's grip. They got to their feet, leaning against the terrible force of the wind. They could not hear each other's words, though they yelled.

Then a weird thing happened; an enormous, wavering spiraling sheet of green flame shot from the crater. It bulged and bent in the wind's clutch, seeming to swell. Far above, the tip writhed and switched like a whip.

And now the sheet of green flame was shot through with a deep violet glow. It was the most beautiful sight they had ever seen. Beautiful and terrible. It was the earth's inner fires exploding into the night. They eyed it as if hypnotized.

The flames grew until the entire cone was a seething mass, raging, roaring, lashing at the ice wall. They could hear the sizzling as flame ate away at the solid crust of ice, and a great gushing of waters could be heard below.

Steam now mixed with the pyrotechnic display, and the mountain shook and throbbed as if tortured. Jimmy wondered if this might be the one that would shatter the entire peak; he had heard of such things. They cowered on the top of the ice cap and clung to outjuttings of sharp ice.

And abruptly the flames ceased. Silence fell over the mountain. Even the wind seemed a mere zephyr, now that the volcanic demonstration had ceased.

It was nearing dawn. The fireworks had lasted longer than the men thought. They were weary from lack of sleep and clinging to their precarious perches.

Jimmy suggested that they again go below and see what had happened. At the foot of the stairway they were astounded to see a score or more of pygmy bodies lying about. Yesterday there had been only one. Now—what had happened?

Jimmy settled the question for them: The intense heat of the inner fires had melted through the ice walls for twenty or more feet. Those bodies had been frozen in there solid. Now they lay exposed, dumped out of the ice wall in a hideous quirk of fate, or nature.

They made minute inspections of the supine figures. They were all very similar to the one they'd fond the day before. There were two women in the group. The answer to the whole riddle came when Jimmy and Stan peered into the remaining ice wall: inside, far inside, they could see countless numbers of the poor stricken people, all frozen solidly in a natural coffin that would preserve them forever.

Nothing remained except taking numerous photos of the figures lying about, and still others of the frozen people within the ice walls. It was enough. Jimmy doubted that any of the pygmies remained. Evidently all of them had perished, the last of a mysterious race.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of SMASH COMICS published bi-monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1945.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the SMASH COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Martin DeMuth, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Smash Comics, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

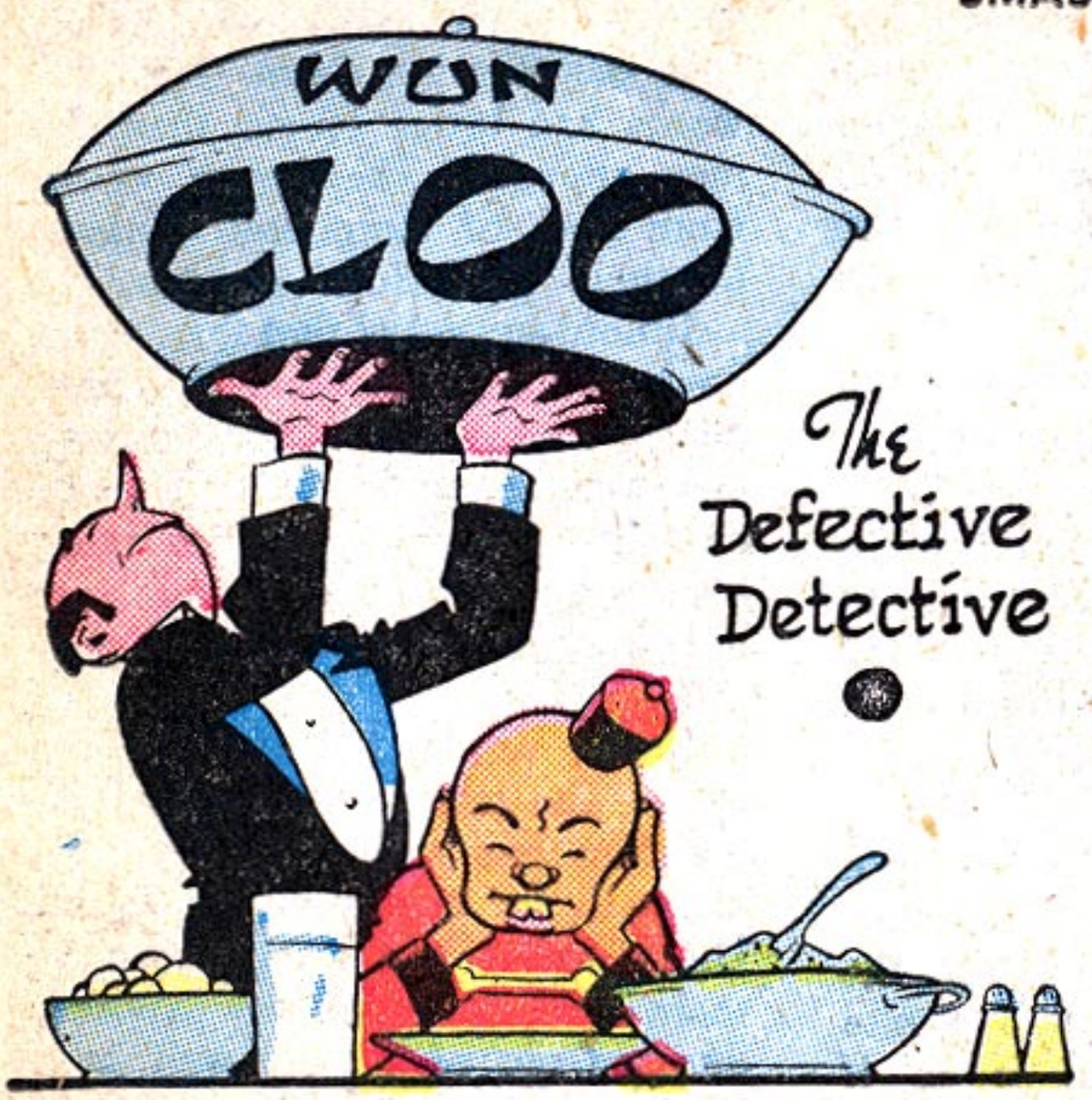
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

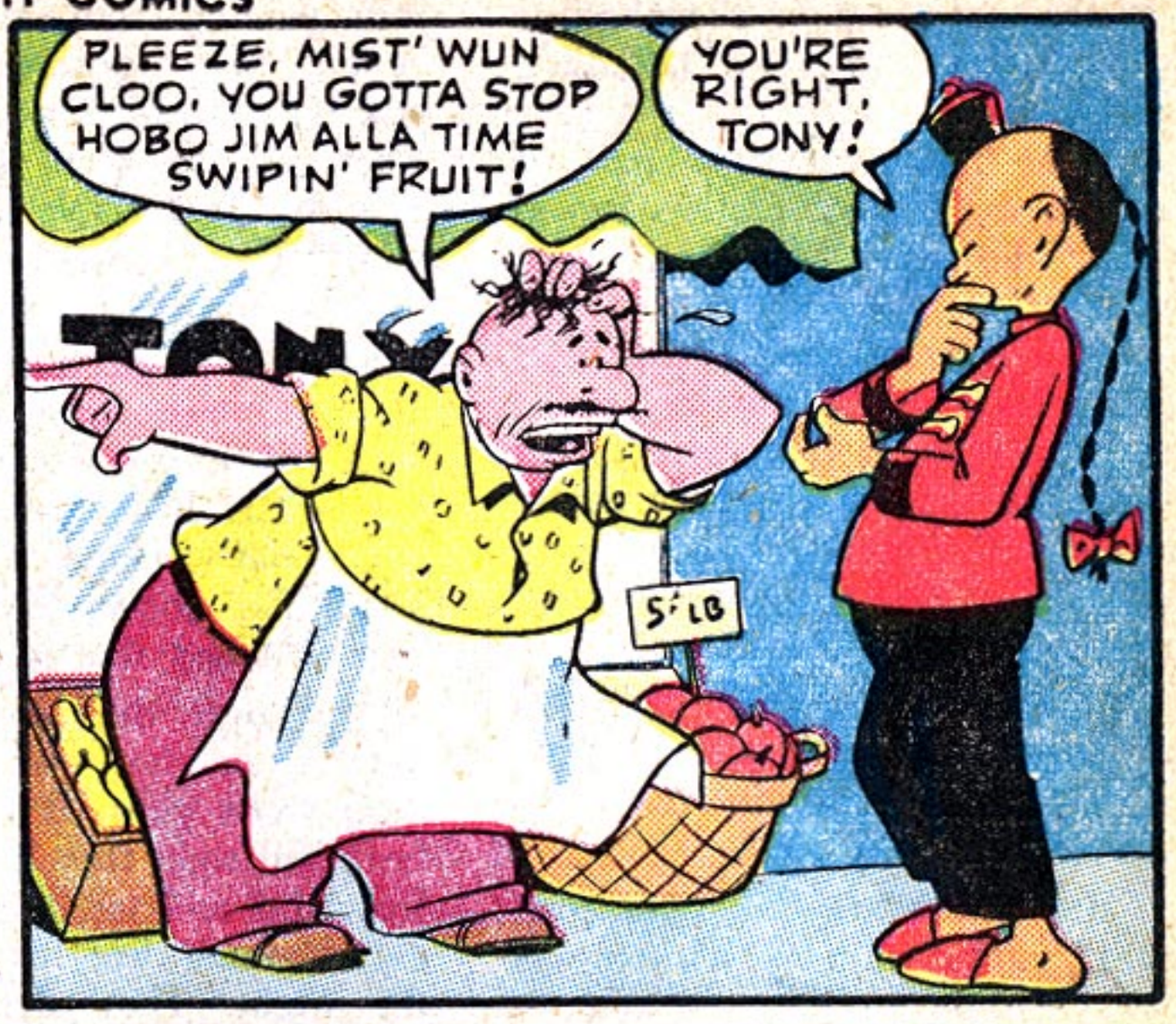
EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

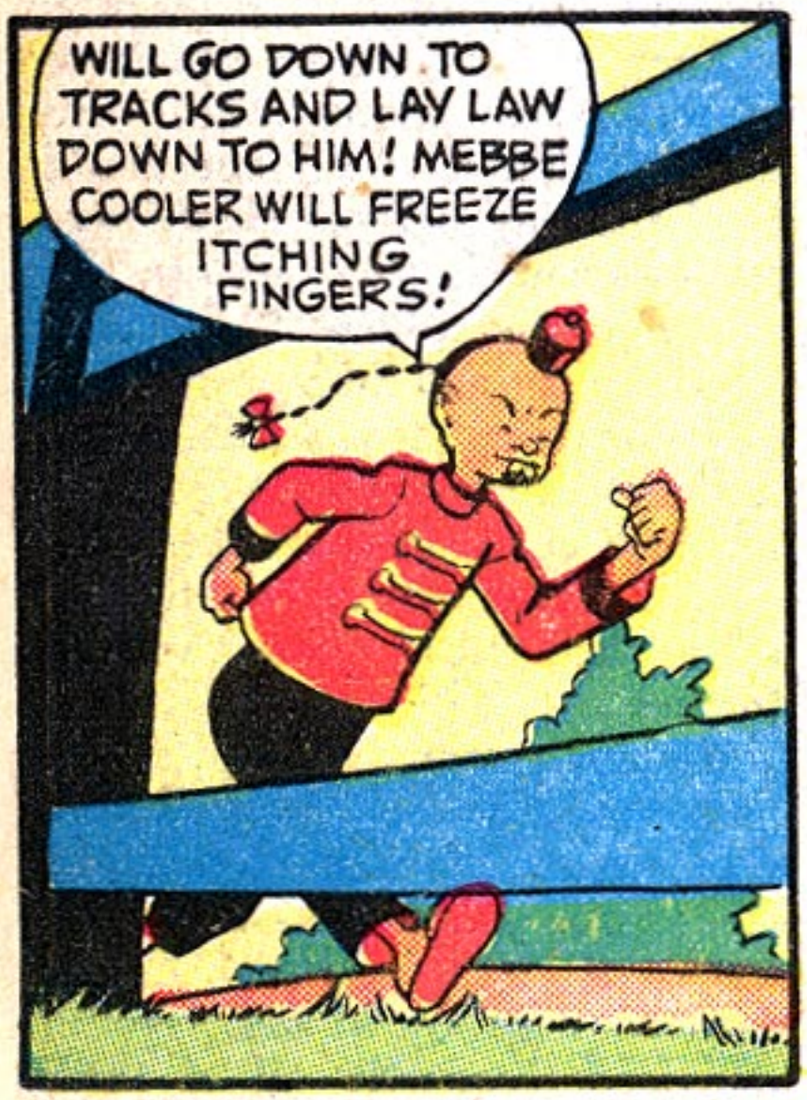
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1945.

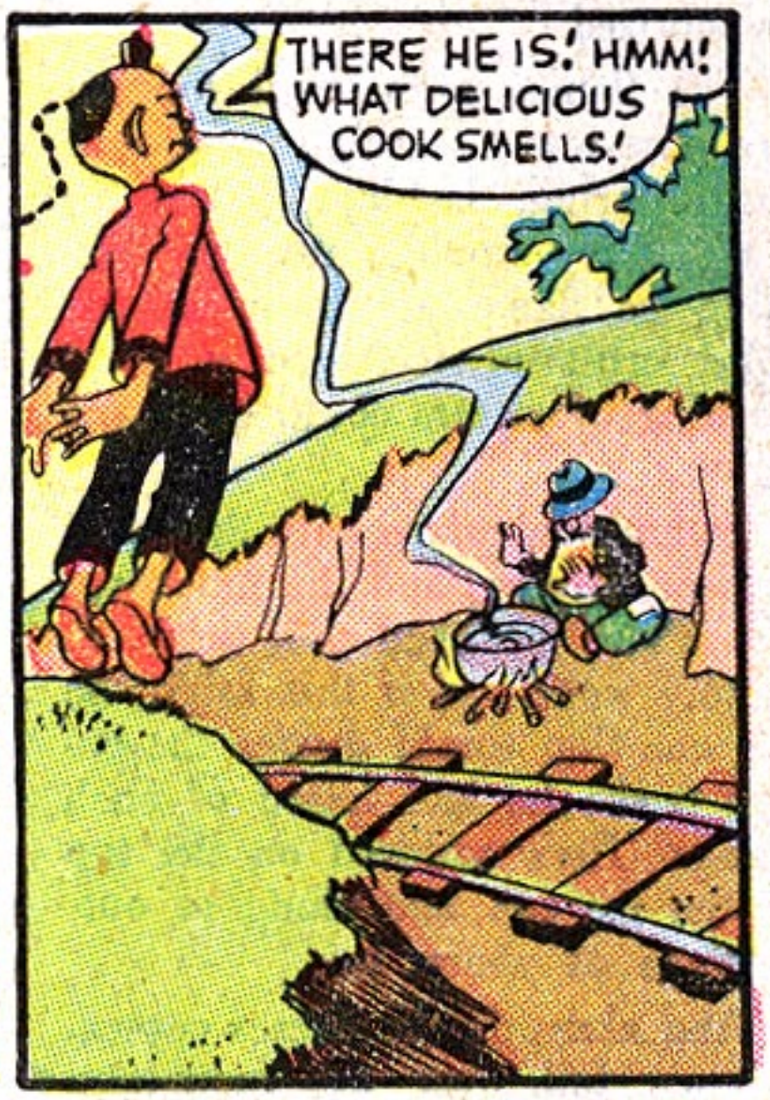
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY (My commission expires April 1, 1949.)

The Defective Detective

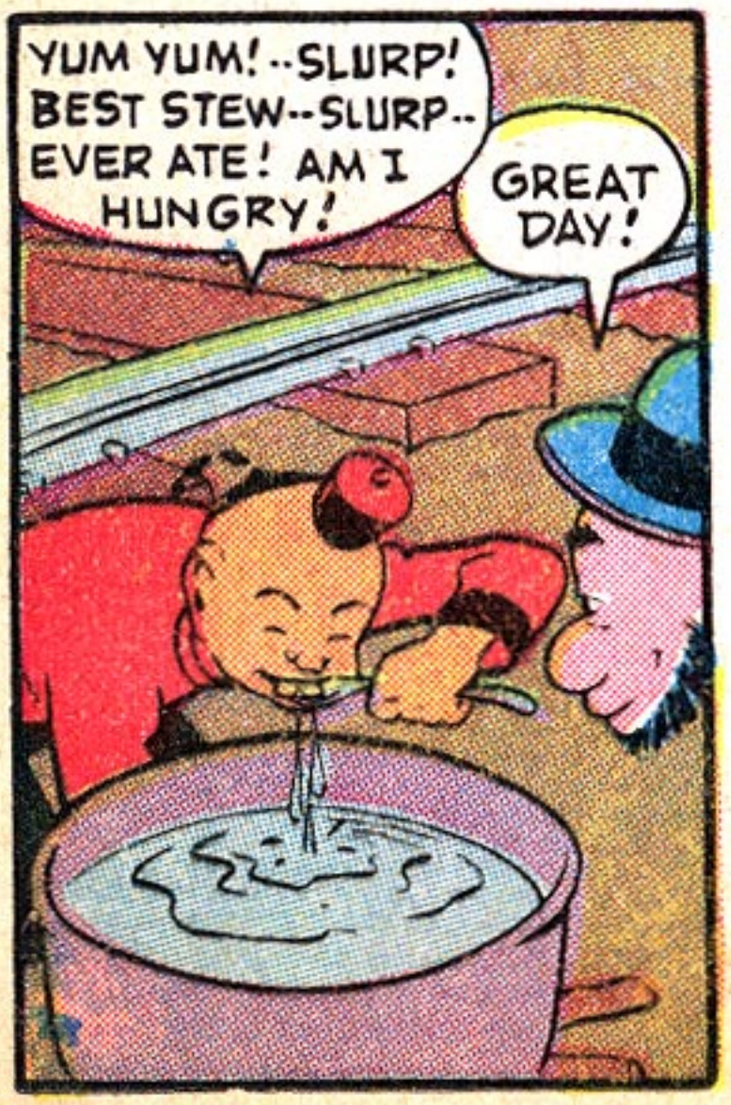


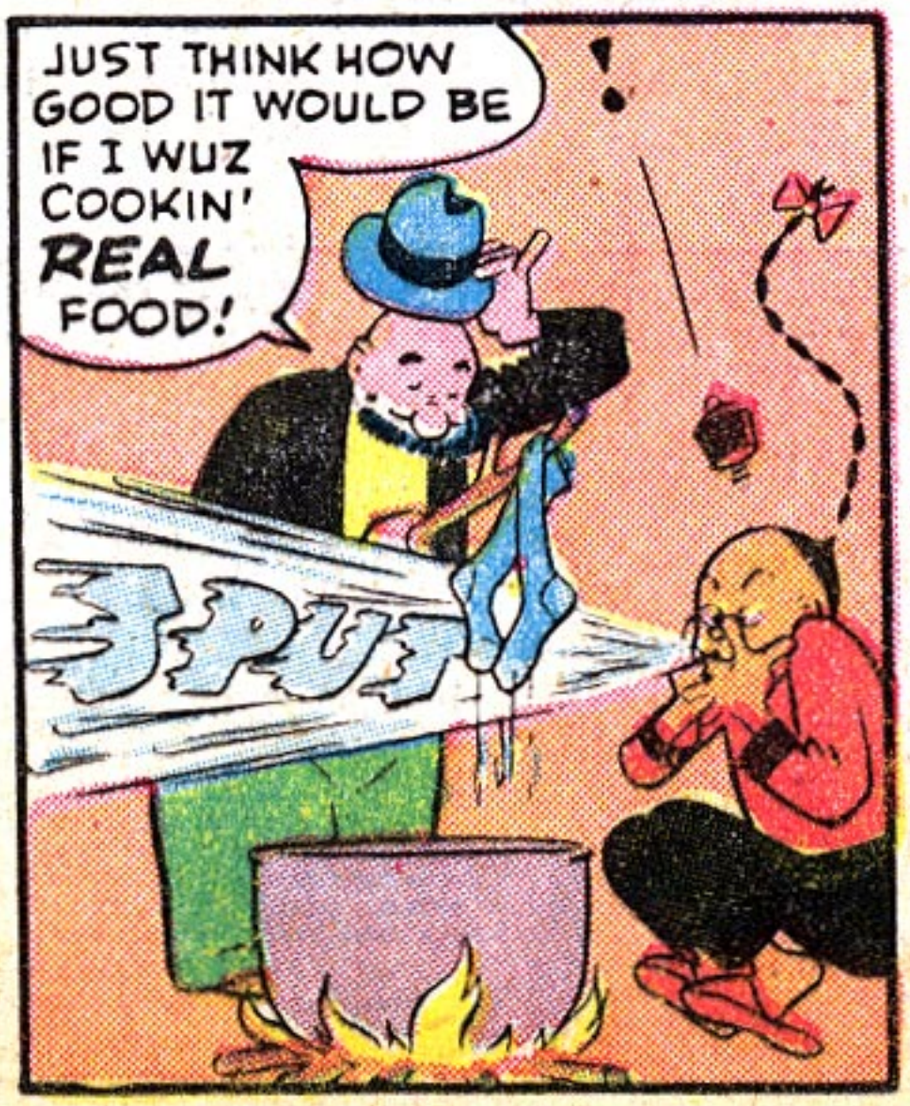














DAFFY

DEKE, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME! IT TOOK ME A WHOLE MINUTE TO FLATTEN HIM!

YOU NEED A TONIC, DAFFY!

by GINGER

WE CAN'T STAGE A BOUT! *CRUSHER BLUE* SAYS HE WON'T WRESTLE A WOMAN!

HE PROBABLY MEANS HE'S AFRAID DAFFY'LL TEAR HIM APART!

TOUGH GOING, DAFFY! I CAN'T GET YOU A WRESTLING MATCH IN THIS BURG!

GOSH! AND HERE WE ARE — NEARLY BROKE!

GIBSO

WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO MAKE EATING MONEY! HEY.... WAIT RIGHT HERE, DAFFY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

HEALER BATES *and His* VITALITY TONIC

I WONDER WHY DEKE'S TALKING TO THAT MAN!

I GOT YOU A JOB, DAFFY! WE WON'T MISS ANY MEALS NOW!

BUT WHAT KIND OF A JOB?

NOW, JUST HOLD UP THOSE WEIGHTS LIKE THAT! I'LL HAVE A CROWD HERE IN A MINUTE!

IT SEEMS KIND OF SILLY JUST TO HOLD THEM UP FOR NO GOOD REASON!

LAD-E-E-E-S AND GENTLEMEN, JUST LOOK AT THIS REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF WOMANHOOD! LOOK AT HER MUSCLES, HER STRENGTH! AND HOW DID SHE GET THAT WAY?

TELL THESE PEOPLE! HOW DID YOU GET YOUR AMAZING VITALITY?

WHY, SHUCKS! I WAS JUST BORN WITH IT, I GUESS!

NO! NO! SHE MEANS SHE GOT IT BY DRINKING *HEALER BATES' VITALITY TONIC!*

HAW! HAW! FAKE! SHE NEVER EVEN TOUCHED THE STUFF!

RUN THE FAKER OUT OF TOWN!

RIDE THE PHONY OUT ON A RAIL!

DAFFY, YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!

BUT, DEKE... HOW?

HALP!

HEY! HE DIDN'T HURT YOU! LET HIM GO!

SURE HE DIDN'T... BUT ONLY BECAUSE HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SELL US THAT POISON! WE'LL SHOW HIM!

I MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!

NOW SCAT! ALL OF YOU!

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LISTEN TO HER! SHE'S TOUGHER THAN SHE LOOKS!

YOU! YOU'VE RUINED ME! IMAGINE... DENYING THAT YOU GOT YOUR STRENGTH FROM MY VITALITY TONIC!

BUT I DIDN'T!

ER BATES
and His
TY TO

OH, SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAN GET STRENGTH FROM MY TONIC?

AW, SHE DIDN'T MEAN THAT, BATES!

I'LL PROVE THAT IT GIVES YOU AMAZING VITALITY!

I HAVE PLENTY!... THANKS!

I'LL GET EVEN WITH HER! I'LL SLIP HER SOME OF THE STUFF I USE TO MAKE MY RATTLESNAKES TAME!

OH, TRY SOME, DAFFY! IT WON'T HURT YOU AND THEN MAYBE WE CAN START ALL OVER AGAIN WITH HEALER BATES!

DRINK THAT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

WE'LL BE GOING NOW, BATES! MAYBE WE CAN WORK TOGETHER SOMETIME IN ANOTHER TOWN!

WITH *HER*? HAW! HAW! SHE'LL MAKE *SOME PICTURE* OF A STRONGWOMAN NOW!

HMMM! I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY HE SAID THAT!

DEKE, I FEEL FUNNY.... SORT OF WEAK!

I - I'M SO TIRED I CAN HARDLY WALK!

TAKE IT EASY, DAFFY! MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T EAT! I'LL GET YOU HOME!

I'VE NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE! I CAN HARDLY MOVE!

I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! ... THERE'S THE PHONE --- I'LL ANSWER IT!

RING! BRING!

WHAT?... HE HAS?... THAT'S SWELL! BUT..... OH, WELL, NEVER MIND!

DAFFY! DAFFY, YOU'VE GOT TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! *CRUSHER BLUE* HAS CHANGED HIS MIND! HE'S READY TO MEET YOU TONIGHT!

OHHHH-H!

DAFFY, YOU'VE GOT TO SNAP OUT OF IT.... FOR *MY* SAKE! ... I'VE GOT TO EAT.... I MEAN, WE'VE *BOTH* GOT TO EAT, HAVEN'T WE?

OF COURSE, DEKE! I'LL WRESTLE *BLUE*!

Near a small wrestling arena...

OKAY! THIS SHED'LL DO! I ONLY NEED A PLACE TO CONCOCT SOME NEW MEDICINES FOR MY NEXT TOUR! HERE'S YOUR RENT!

THANKS! I HOPE THE NOISE FROM THE WRESTLING ARENA WON'T BOTHER YOU! THERE'S A FIGHT ON THERE TONIGHT!

That evening...

SAY, THAT DAME DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SHE CAN LICK A KITTEN!

BOO! GET A *MAN* TO FIGHT *CRUSHER BLUE*!

The wrestling match begins...

HE'LL MURDER HER!

OH-H!

BOO! THIS IS NO FIGHT! IT'S A SLAUGHTER!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID SHE COULD WRESTLE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER! I GUESS SHE CAN'T SNAP OUT OF IT!

DAFFY! DAFFY! COME TO LIFE! OH... THERE GOES MY CAREER!

SO *THAT'S* WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, EH, *CRUSHER*? BEATING ANOTHER WOMAN!

I'LL SHOW THIS HOME-WRECKER! YOU HUSBAND-STEALER!

NOW, ALICE, I WAS ONLY DOING IT SO I COULD BUY YOU PRETTY THINGS!

OH! ... EVEN *THAT* CROW CAN LICK DAFFY NOW!

YOU VAMPIRE!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU!

NOW..... IF I MIX THIS SNAKE WEAKENER WITH MY *VITALITY TONIC*, IT OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING TO SOMEBODY! TIME TO FIND OUT WHAT AFTER I SELL IT! HEY, WHO ARE YOU?

STOP! YOU CAN'T DRINK THAT STUFF FREE!

GLUB!

GURGLE!

SPLUTTER!

YOU TWO! HEY, SHE'S BEEN DRINKING MY NEWEST MEDICINE FREE! PAY UP!

DAFFY! NOT THAT! I JUST REMEMBERED.... YOU FIRST BECAME WEAK AFTER YOU DRANK THIS GUY'S STUFF!

DEKE, I FEEL STRONG AS A LION AGAIN! LET ME INTO THAT RING!

DAFFY, ARE YOU SURE?

OUT OF THIS RING, *YOU!*

HOW ABOUT PUTTING UP A FIGHT, SOFT STUFF?

SHE'S HERSELF AGAIN!

'RAY, DAFFY!

WHAT A WOMAN!

OH-H-H! MY NEW CONCOCTION DID THAT TO HER! IT BROUGHT HER STRENGTH BACK! I'M RUINED!

ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU'LL MAKE A FORTUNE WITH THAT STUFF! THINK OF WHAT IT'LL DO FOR PEOPLE!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW COULD I EVER HOLD MY HEAD UP AGAIN IF I HAD TO GO AROUND SELLING THE SUCKERS SOMETHING THAT REALLY WORKS?

A PHONY, HUH? COME WITH ME!

BETTER PUT HIM WHERE HE CAN'T MANUFACTURE ANY MORE MEDICINES, OFFICER! NO TELLING WHAT HIS NEXT TONIC MIGHT DO!

The JESTER

When Chuck Lane is not the conscientious young policeman, he is the smiling, smashing **Jester**, finding ways to deal out justice --- even where the hands of the law may be tied!

CALLING CAR 825! PROCEED TO 16 ADAMS! MAN REPORTED VIOLENT!

THAT'S US, CHUCK!

QUITE A PLACE, 16 ADAMS!

LOOKS AS IF EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!

AH.... THE POLICE! I'M DOCTOR BROOK! IT'S LUCKY I WAS HERE WHEN THIS DREADFUL THING HAPPENED TO MY COUSIN!

WHAT HAPPENED ?

JOHN'S BEEN UNDER MY CARE FOR SOME TIME FOR A MENTAL AILMENT! MRS. CAREY AND I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO CURE HIM WITHOUT COMMITTING HIM!.

BUT IT WAS HOPELESS! HE FANCIED WE WERE ALL AGAINST HIM! TONIGHT HE WENT INTO A MANIACAL RAGE!...HE TRIED TO KILL ME!

I MANAGED TO GIVE HIM AN INJECTION THAT PUT HIM OFF HIS FEET! NO HARM TO HIM IN ANY WAY! THEN I PHONED THE POLICE!

I'LL MAKE OUT THESE PAPERS COMMITTING HIM TO AN ASYLUM!

NOW, IF YOU'LL SIGN THIS, JOAN...

OH... IT'S HORRIBLE! BUT WE'VE TRIED EVERY-THING ELSE!

YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM! THE INJECTION WON'T WEAR OFF FOR AWHILE!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

HMMM! THAT'S FUNNY! I THOUGHT THE DOCTOR SAID HE DIDN'T HARM THIS MAN!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, YOU CAN LEAVE HIM WITH US NOW! WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!

RIGHT!

JUST FINISHED THAT JOB IN TIME TO GO OFF DUTY!

But after Chuck Lane has made his report at the precinct...

CHUCK LANE'S THROUGH FOR THE DAY... BUT THE *JESTER'S* JUST BEGINNING UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN!

THERE ARE A FEW THINGS I'M PLENTY CURIOUS ABOUT!

NOTHING LIKE AN OPEN WINDOW TO MAKE MY JOB EASY!

DOC'S STILL HERE! I WONDER WHY?

RR-RING!

W-WHAT? YES... YES... OF COURSE!

WHAT IS IT?

JOAN .... JOHN'S ESCAPED! HE KNOCKED OUT AN ATTENDANT AND THE DIRECTOR RIGHT AFTER THE POLICE LEFT AND GOT AWAY!

GOOD HEAVENS!

I CAN'T GO THROUGH IT ALL OVER AGAIN! I CAN'T!

DON'T BE A FOOL! IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

NO! NO!

JOHN'LL PROBABLY COME HERE! I'LL LEAVE NOW .... BUT I'LL BE BACK SOON! NOW, BE CALM!

SO FAR, THEIR CONVERSATION COULD MEAN ANYTHING! AND THE MADMAN GOT AWAY! WELL, IF HE TURNS UP HERE, I COULDN'T BE IN A BETTER SPOT!

I THINK I'LL POKE AROUND WHILE I'M WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN!

SAY, IT LOOKS LIKE MY SNOOPING MAY PAY OFF! THIS IS VERY INTERESTING!

EE-E-EA-A-H! HELP!

HERE WE GO!

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D LOCK ME UP!-- GET RID OF ME! YOU'LL DIE FOR IT! DIE!

TALK HIM OUT OF IT. *QUINOPOLIS!*

OH-H-H!

NICE WORK, *QUINOPOLIS!*

I'LL KILL YOU, TOO!

I DOUBT THAT!

WOULDN'T YOU RATHER LIE DOWN AND THINK IT OVER?

WHEW! I THOUGHT THAT SOCK'D HOLD HIM FOR AWHILE! BUT THEY SAY MADMEN HAVE AMAZING STRENGTH!

HE'S DISAPPEARED! WHAT'S ALL THIS?

THEY'RE WET!

HA! HA!

FIRST, I'LL FINISH WITH JOAN! THE *JESTER'LL* REMAIN UNCONSCIOUS UNTIL I GET BACK!

W-WHAT? IT'S THE *JESTER!*

JESTER! WAKE UP!

YOU! BUT YOU MUST'VE JUST SLUGGED ME!

DON'T BE SILLY! WOULD I BE REVIVING YOU IF I HAD DONE THAT?

NO! AND YOU LOOK PERFECTLY SANE TO ME! YET THE GUY I JUST TANGLED WITH LOOKED LIKE YOU! GOSH... I REMEMBER NOW! THE WET SHAVING BRUSH AND RAZOR!

EE-EAHH!

THERE'S THAT SCREAM AGAIN!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT SOUNDS LIKE JOAN!

THE JESTER CAN'T HEAR YOU NOW! SAVE YOUR SCREAMS!

GET THE KNIFE, QUINOPOLIS!

BAM!

YOU...GRMPF!

BOP!

NOT DOING SO WELL, EH, DOC?

DOC?

EXACTLY! WITHOUT HIS BEARD AND MOUSTACHE, DOCTOR BROOK'S RESEMBLANCE TO HIS COUSIN IS QUITE STRIKING! THAT GAVE HIM AN IDEA, ONCE HE DECIDED TO KILL YOU! THE BLAME WOULD FALL ON YOUR HUSBAND!

BUT---

IT SEEMS THAT DOCTOR BROOK HAD A LOT TO GAIN BY COMMITTING A SANE MAN TO AN ASYLUM! THIS DOCUMENT, WHICH MRS. CAREY SIGNED, TURNS OVER YOUR FORTUNE TO HIM FOR SAFEKEEPING!

JOAN, TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME, CAREY! SHE WAS IN ON IT! I DON'T DOUBT SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY BROOK.... BUT WHEN YOU REFUSED TO STAY IN THE ASYLUM AND SHE BEGAN TO SHOW PANIC, HE DECIDED HE HAD TO KILL HER!

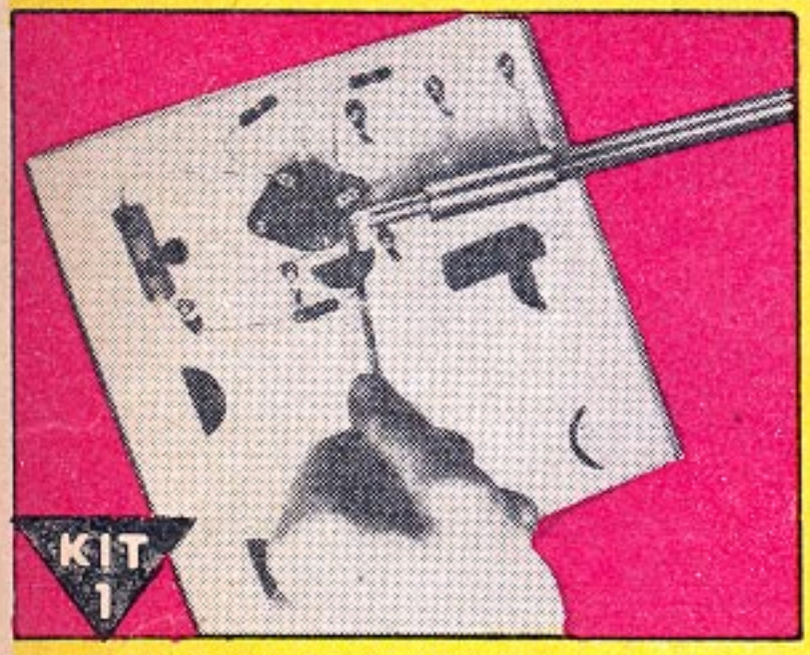
IT'S TRUE! I CAN'T DENY IT NOW! I LOVED BROOK!

YOU'RE IN LUCK AT THAT, CAREY! IF CHUCK LANE HADN'T NOTICED THE MARK OF A BLOW ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK; HE'D NEVER HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT THIS!



I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

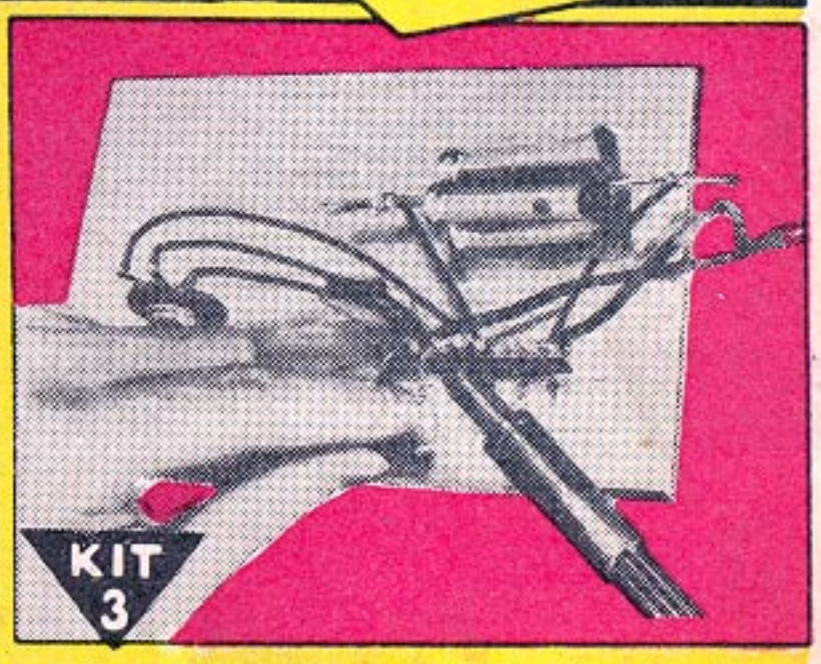
I Send You 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts



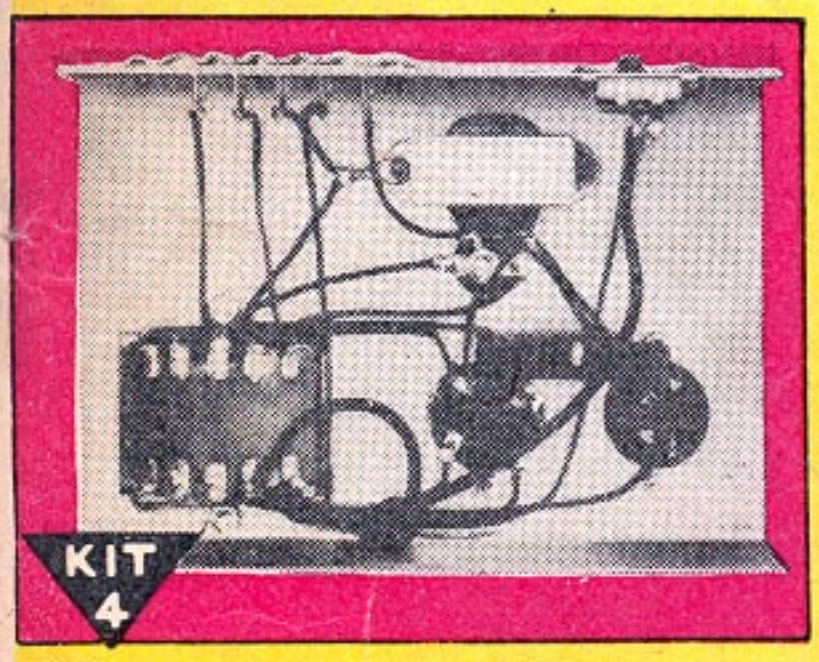
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



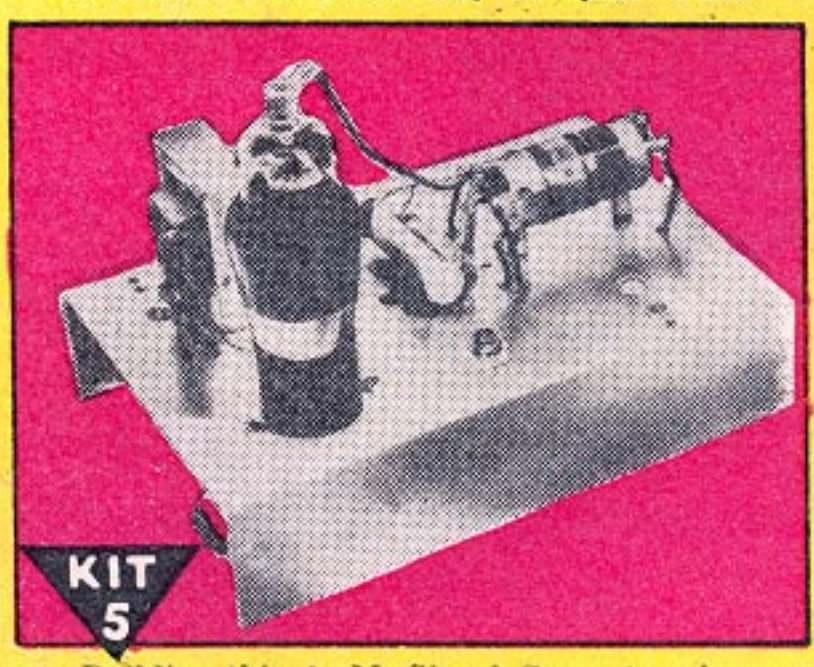
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



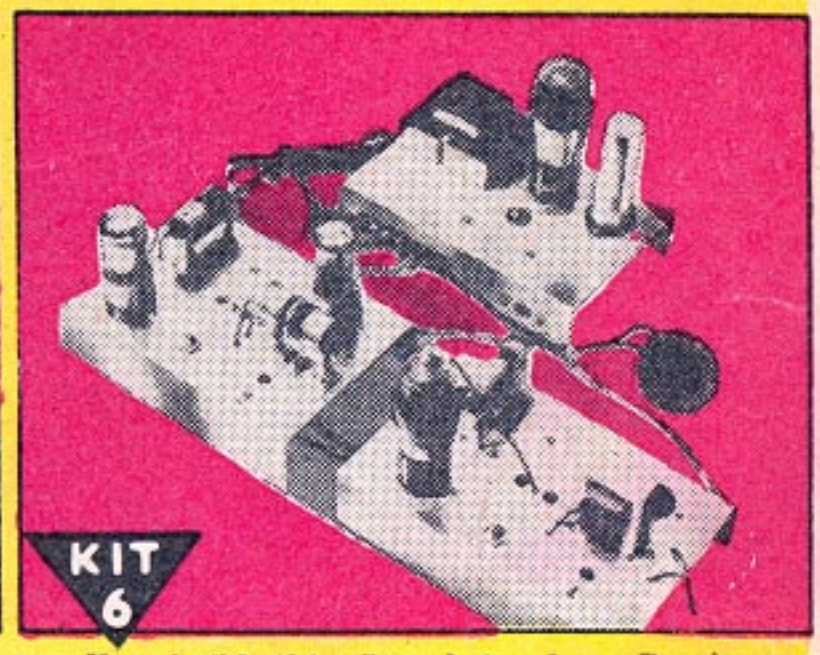
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—*Win Success*

I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even **greater** opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

My Course Includes Training in TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS FREQUENCY MODULATION

EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

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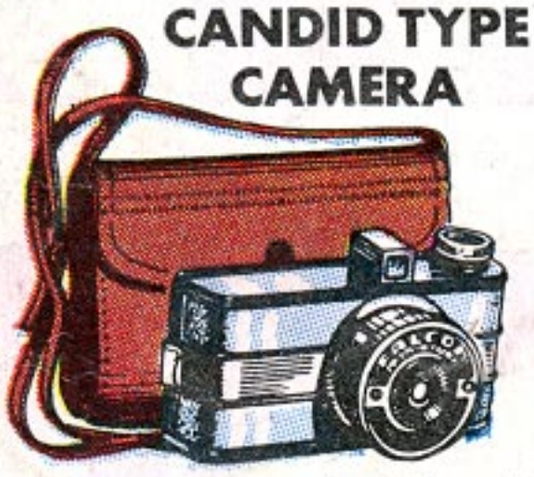


HUNTING KNIFE WITH LEATHER SHEATH– Attaches to belt



Big, husky 11-inch knife. Sell 1 order American Seeds.

CANDID TYPE CAMERA



with carrying case. Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus $1 extra.



Color-Illustrated **FAMILY BIBLE** with your name in gold on the cover. Sell only one order.

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Pen a
matching Automa
Pencil. Given for se
ing one order.

STERLING SILVER SWEETHEART BRACELET



PEARL NECKLACES or other jewelry. Your choice for selling only one order.

"SECRET COMPARTMENT" WALLET



for Men and Boys. Your name in gold.

SELL ONE ORDER for either wallet.



"AMERICAN LADY" WALLET

Smartly-styled, two-toned, 7 compartment billfold.

Sing it with Music!

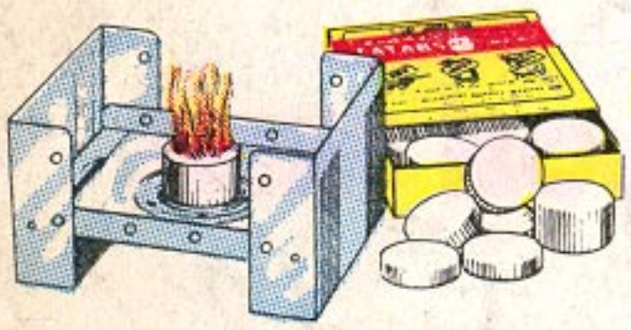


Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited.)

SWEETHEART DOL

"Peggy Sweetheart," the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order.

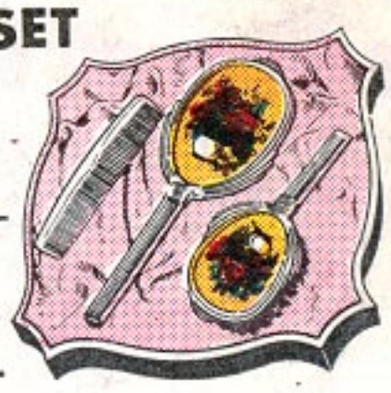




COOKIT Pocket size folding stove and package of Heatabs for camp cooking, etc. All for selling one order

DRESSER SET

FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order.





STU AXE Lea Sh Atta to

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell only one order of Seeds.

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as explained in our BIG PRIZE BOOK

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GENE AUTRY GUITAR
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GAMES

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